

# The Eaton Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Publisher.

EATON, OHIO.

## MOTHERHOOD.

I hold within my arms to-day  
A precious little of my life;  
Divinely fashioned, and so fair  
The angels well might kiss her hair.  
My soul with gratitude is filled;  
I thank thee, God, for this gift;  
My heart with mother love is thrilled;  
My eyes with joy and newborn joy,  
While gazing on my cherub boy.  
O, precious one! through tears I see  
A mighty task awaiting me;  
To guide him safe to manhood's prime,  
And all the glory shall be mine.  
—Mrs. M. E. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping.

## "QUEEN" ANTOINETTE.

Why She Was Not Buried in the Far West.

TOUGH CASE, CAL., Sept. 17.

DEAR NORA.—Your letter has reached me at last, which through mere carelessness passed and repassed this new home I've found in the West. So you seem astonished that I should still find my "wild dream" so much to my fancy when once I have had full experience of the good and the bad. Well, Nora, I'll tell you how "true" I came to be about the world's homage and bury my name forever from sight.

After Charlie came home from his hard life of study in Naples and Rome, it seemed to me somehow that there was a change in his manner toward me—perhaps it was strange that I noticed at all his indifferent way, but I was engaged—engaged—quite apt to display more attention than he cared to show (and we were engaged then, dear Nora, you know, and were to have married that winter). His eyes would rove from my features, and searching the skies would seek out a star looking most like the one he was wont to gaze on when his studies were done—away off in Italy! Then he would sigh, and the long, perfect days compared to which ours are grizzled and gray and gloomy. The hours dragged dully along, and I was a star looking most like the one he was wont to gaze on when his studies were done—away off in Italy! Then he would sigh, and the long, perfect days compared to which ours are grizzled and gray and gloomy.

One day he came in as usual—simply to pay his respects and to ask after me. I came down dressed in that stylish gray gown morning gown. (You remember I loaned you the pattern, my child?) He looked at me earnestly, fondly, then smiled, and laying his hand kindly on my blonde head—"Little Antoinette," he softly and tenderly said, "I came, dear, to ask a strange question to-day and to tell you that I am going away to Rome and to Naples. And, furthermore, dear—" "Stop, Charlie!" I cried, "not one word will I hear more than those you have uttered! If you care to go, no more word of mine—no 'yes' or no" will affect your plans in the least. Go, good-bye! And I will remember the bitterest snarl away from my presence I marched in my staidest tread and threw myself down on my little white bed to sob out my grief.

Oh, the week that I passed! And then how the terrible news came at last that Charlie had left for Rome, and my aunt said: "The goodness knows when he'll come home!" and "Such people never know when they're well off!" But I was too heart-sick and sorry to scoff at the only kindness I have upon earth—for you know that my dear mother died at my birth, and never knew me, but just moped about until the cold weather had worn itself out, and spring came once more.

Then one day I chanced to read in a newspaper, through which I glanced (to take my thoughts off from myself), now out of a settlement was greatly distressed. I read that for their little ones—the miners themselves, and their daughters and sons. I pounced on the paragraph, took it to my heart, and in my own dear, terse way that "You shall think of it, even if you, young child, go out to country so strange and wild, and bear and papoose and Indians roared by thousands through every dark sugar-tree grove! What, you, Antoinette, with your pale angel-face—a rich heart—least that—a rough-living race for humanity's sake?" and her Severus (I trembled with awe, and then just gave up in due time). And in the soft April weather, my aunt and I came away out West together—and we've been here five months.

I wish you could see our little log cabin beneath a pine tree, where the miners have fashioned as well as they could, and while we were skored at his eloquence, like enough, Dandy-Sleeve cleared!

"He's gone then?" I answer. "Good-night, friends, good-night!" and up through the darkening gloaming take flight and rearsure again.

"Well, Nora, my dear," the nugget was found by "Sir Boston Bluejay." Excitement took hold of these pupils of mine and books were at discount. The nugget was fine and larger than any they'd found at that place. So the diggings took holiday—scattered about in clusters together to talk of their prize.

Again the red sun sank away in the skies of crimson and gold over there in the West. I sat down to dream out the dream I loved best—of course, 'twas of Charlie. Was he in Rome? Or had he come back to his Toinette's old home town, while the men roared about shame-faced, awkward and brown-bred, tall sturdy giants afraid, dear, of me!

The next day I went to the "school house" they'd made for me out of a tent, and I almost laughed, Nora (and almost cried, too), when a big-fisted man showed me what he could do, and called "taker-over," correctly, "taker-over." I've got to two syllables, haven't I, now, Ned?

"Why, that's nice, I answered him, touched in the heart I thought Charlie took with him.

"I'll do my part, and before summer's gone you'll be reading, trust me."

"Thunder!" said Ned, who was tall as a tree and straight as an arrow.

"Thunder!" said I; "why, I see no storm clouds at all in the sky, and one must have lightning before thunder sounds, and there's been no flash."

teenth Street" who, having left a bad wife, came out in despair for the rest of his life—and he is called "Forty," for short! Then here's a "Sin," a meek little fellow, short, faded and thin. The "Gent from Arkansas" comes next on the list—broad-shouldered, with such a gigantic, hard fist. "Deacon Ben," a queer genius who drinks more than any, and who is more frightened at me, dear, than many soberer, staid men—and I trust that kind Providence, always loving and just, will give me a chance once to frighten him so that the road to the bar 'll be the one he won't go! I think if I can not talk him to reason I'll enact a white specter at the best for a season, and waylay him at night; my pupils all say this will be the surest and likeliest way.

So you see we have "romances." Speaking of these, I'll tell you a romance I'm quite sure will please your fastidious taste. Before "act" or "scene" I must tell you that Antoinette here is called "Queen;" the cognomen started somehow with the men, and they would have it so, though again and again I have told them this was foolish.

Scene first shows a tree—a sovereign disconcert—recognize me; and leaning thereon as she sits at its foot with her head on her side and her arm on a good muslin full butterfly; for, my good friend, my life isn't sunshine beyond clouds and rain. Away in the distance the white mountain peaks lose themselves up in cloudland; while purple streaks, barred with crimson and gold flame bright in the sun which kissed the Sierras, now his course was run, in low, downy "flocks!" The dark, downy, head moaned in the soft wind the words that I said to Charlie, again and again. The stream, as a bright heretofore as a brook in a dream, flowed, sullen and brown, down low in the gorge; the orange light flamed from Tim Bel-lows' forge like a faint mirrored "red" glow from the sky. The evening's picture in harmony, I, with my stiff bewailing, a blot on the scene; my life in its autumn, while fresh living green around me and o'er me his canopy spread from the moss at my feet to the horizon's red. Groups here of young miners, groups there of old, looking the crinoids that bring them their gold.

And soon will come twilight. I rise from my feet and, tramping the emerald grass 'neath my feet, go loitering along the one "street" of the town to where my own cabin stands. Aunt has a picture in her hand, a faded, old, and I look at it with a look of awe. "My Antoinette," Heaven knows if it's wrong, dear, to send you—but, yet, there's a duel in prospect—your surely must go—the "Gent from Arkansas" and "Hatch-faced Joe" are at odds—you will find them both down at the creek.

"Be sure, aunt," I answer. The latch gives a "click" and I am soon down at the stream-side. You'll think it "strangely ridiculous," Nora, you'd shrink at the name of a duel—well, once so would I! But now I go boldly down to where I desire a knot of men, black looking "against the gray gloom, but ere I approach them I look at the dome of a quick, instant death is averted.

"It's Queen, it's Queen Antoinette," they all cry; "he've seen a run-look-in' feller, a hunsman o' style, who wears reg'lar boots and whose hair smells o' flet! And whose lining ribbons have been o' gold—gray fox—'ll be nuff about thirty—ready?"

"Not I," I say solemnly; "what I came for was to ask you two men here the cause of this war—I heard that a life was in jeopardy—shame! Let comrades, not brave men, sire, play at that game."

I never can tell why these men show such fear of my own insignificant presence. I hear low murmurs of "all right;" "I'll be—;" "no sir—;" catch me a-pullin' a trigger at 'em."

"Shall I go bust my brains out again that there stun, or what shall I do?" "I'll be—;" "no sir—;" catch me a-pullin' a trigger at 'em."

"Thank you, my friends; I am satisfied. Who was the stranger you spoke of?" "Can't say for sartin'," answers an old man by name "Nosey Martin."

"Ter judge by his looks he was a regular 'taker-over'—but I fust met Dandy-Sleeve was just as well as his mother's wish him! He kem to the town and stopped at the crick, lookin' squarely and round." Then, said a wipin' his head with his han's, "fust rate-nuggets yer findin' in this yer bit o' lan'?"

"Well, Nora, my dear," the nugget was found by "Sir Boston Bluejay." Excitement took hold of these pupils of mine and books were at discount. The nugget was fine and larger than any they'd found at that place. So the diggings took holiday—scattered about in clusters together to talk of their prize.

Again the red sun sank away in the skies of crimson and gold over there in the West. I sat down to dream out the dream I loved best—of course, 'twas of Charlie. Was he in Rome? Or had he come back to his Toinette's old home town, while the men roared about shame-faced, awkward and brown-bred, tall sturdy giants afraid, dear, of me!

The next day I went to the "school house" they'd made for me out of a tent, and I almost laughed, Nora (and almost cried, too), when a big-fisted man showed me what he could do, and called "taker-over," correctly, "taker-over." I've got to two syllables, haven't I, now, Ned?

"Why, that's nice, I answered him, touched in the heart I thought Charlie took with him.

"I'll do my part, and before summer's gone you'll be reading, trust me."

grace—my own darling child! 'Sh, he's sleeping! Come closer; there now, Toinette, look well at him, darling!" I'll never forget till the day of my death how I leaped o'er the fence on the hot, tumbled pillow and noted the graces of his exquisite features, comparing the lines of his brow—flushed with those of the men of the mines, with their plebeian features. Deacon Ben came to "inquire for the stranger," giving his name as "young Dandy-Sleeve," who had settled the fray the previous evening. I found him away down that in the gulches a-talkin' so queer that Queen, I just went up a purpose to hear—what! kismet! my hand, are ye—old Ben must blubber—I ain't—sure—I ain't nothin' but an ole lubber—good-bye!" and he went.

The heart that I thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

"Darling," I whispered—now, Nora, don't you see, you thought away off in Naples—uncared for, unsought—came back with a bound, and I gave it away to the unconscious sleeper! "Twas unfair, you say, to treat Charlie so? And Nora, you grieve that I gave my heart over to young 'Dandy-Sleeve.' Suppose through long nights of contemplation you'd heard your own name called brokenly and every word a term of endearment? Saw the arms stretch in agonized emptiness? Heard the poor wretch crave pardon for what was your fault—not his own—would your heart be so adamant, marble, or stone? Mine wasn't. I remember one morning, 'twas just about dawn, I watched him a moment while auntie was gone to get him some cold drink. He opened his eyes and gazed in my face in a dreamy surprise.

## USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Horses enjoy the kind familiarity of their owners and drivers, and work more cheerfully with than without it. —Chicago Journal.

—It is certain that it costs less in the long run to feed and tend the poultry stock properly than to keep them in a half-starved and neglected condition. —N. Y. Times.

—A good way to kill out sorrel is to salt the fence near the bottom. A crooked rail, like a crooked man, makes more trouble than it is worth—better make wood of it. —Western Rural.

—Plant on the roadside the whole length of the farm, such trees as naturally grow on the same place. Put them eight feet from the line. Have some plants around the dwelling, and in the gulches and waste places, where nothing else can grow, and cover the country with trees. They will help the climate and water supply. —San Francisco Chronicle.

—This is the *Caterer's* recipe for molasses cake: One quart of molasses, quarter pound brown sugar, two table-spoonsful best essence of lemon. Let the molasses boil, then put in the sugar; when half done, put in the butter, add the lemon when you take it off the fire. Boil one hour, stirring it. Pour into buttered plates when done, and keep in a cold place.

—To prevent creaking hinges to make latches slide easily, and, indeed, to reduce any refractory iron work to terms, the application of a soft lead pencil is equally as effective as oil. One clear advantage is that the use of the pencil for this purpose obviates the chances of soiling the hands or garments, while the annoyance is ordinarily removed by a very few touches of the pencil. —Exchange.

—The wise suggestion is made that there should be instituted a system of equality in the children's bedrooms, the boys' room being made up of as many small beds as the girls' room, and scrupulously clean, as is so commonly the case, barely furnished with only the strictest necessities, and in a state of untidiness and disorder. —N. Y. Examiner.

—The artificial honey now made in New York is so close to genuine that only the experts can detect the difference. It is in racks, the same as the natural product, and now and then the wings and legs of a few dead bees are to be found to further the deception. It can be sold at a profit for ten cents per pound, and the honey-bees may grow fat on it. —Chicago Record.

—One of the most important values of fertilizers is their action on quick-growing crops. Strawberries, for example, must gather most of their food in a few weeks, and in that time must have it in super-abundance in most available form. —Chicago Record.

—Go down town to Stewart's and buy what you see quite stylish in dress goods, gloves, lace and shoes—the *handmade* articles—(you can't refuse!) for which find the enclosed. Direct them, "Tough Case," wife of Charles "Dandy-Sleeve,"—"Queen Antoinette."

My auntie sends love, dear; and Nora, don't fret, or waste sympathy on your old friend, ANTOINETTE. —Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

## STORIES OF DUETING.

Some Amusing Anecdotes of Men Engaged in the Duel.

The duel arose out of the ancient judicial combat, known as the trial by ordeal. One form of this trial was the *Wager of Battle*, which consisted of a personal combat between two antagonists in the presence of the judges. The object of the trial was to determine the immediate providence of God to interpose to give victory to the innocent. The practice outlasted the principle.

The duel took the place of the judicial combat, and a point of honor, which sanctioned revenge and murder, was allowed to take the place of an appeal to God. The motive was no longer to obtain justice, but to avenge an insult by murdering the insulting man.

Duelling became so fashionable that a man, if challenged, had to fight or submit to social ostracism. But even in those days, here and there a man was found who refused to fight, and because it was a sin against God. A brave soldier once refused a challenge for reasons which were set forth in the following lines:

"What, you're afraid, then?" "Yes, I am; you're right, but not to fight. I fear not man nor devil; but though, odd, I am a subject of the law, I fear my God."

The absurdity of two men settling a point of honor by shooting at each other was seen by those who seconded them. Two attorneys once fought a duel, and one of them shot away the other's coat.

"If your antagonist," said the good shot's second, "had been a client, you would have hit his pocket."

The witty remark created a general laugh, under the influence of which the antagonists shook hands and made up.

## CHASKA'S WIDOW.

Starting Incidents Recalled by the Death of an Indian Woman.

A short time ago an Indian woman familiarly known to the white people as Lucy died in her native land at Mendota. She was almost as well known to the inhabitants of the twin cities as the historical "Old Bear" of the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. By the earlier settlers she was generally called "La-ti" (her name), and she was the wife of the celebrated Chaska, who saved the life of Major George H. Spencer, late United States Indian Agent at the Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, during the summer of 1863, and who also saved the life of George A. Brickett, of this city, in 1864. Mr. Brickett, an Lieutenant Freeman of St. Cloud, had left General Sibley's command for the purpose of hunting an antelope, and suddenly unexpectedly encountered a party of hostile Sioux, who fired upon them, killing Freeman. At this juncture Chaska, who was accompanying the Sibley expedition, appeared upon the scene. Neither could understand the language of the other, but Chaska finally succeeded in making Mr. Brickett understand that he was the only thing for him to do was to dismount, abandon his horse, and conceal himself in some tall grass near by until night, when he could escape by the command. Chaska then informed the Indians that they had killed the friend of his, and they took their departure, after securing the horses and equipments left by Messrs. Brickett and Freeman. Mr. Brickett obeyed his instructions and escaped, making his way back on foot to a supply camp which had been established by General Sibley a few days previously.

It will be remembered that some two or three hundred women and children were held as captives by the Indians, and some of these were treated with great kindness and were rapidly taken into the household of Chaska. Some of these unfortunate ladies, who were of good condition and were well treated, but the condition of others was deplorable. Some of the women were rapidly taken into the household of Chaska, and even while there was an abundance of food in the hostile camp, the dead La-ti herself, the friend of the captives, was giving them food, attending them when when sick, and trying to cheer them up with assurances that they would soon be released to the friendly hands of the whites in some ways than one, and at last laid down her life in the service of the Government, which was engaged against its own people. The conduct of Chaska and the noble, generous deeds of La-ti during the bloody warfare of 1863 will long be remembered.

## A THINKING DOG.

Various Ways in Which a Lively Cur Shows That His Head Is Level.

Palaiki, in addition to having a mineral spring which is attracting some attention from the country, is the scene of a dog show. Palaiki, in addition to having a mineral spring which is attracting some attention from the country, is the scene of a dog show.

The dog is owned by John H. Davidson, and is named Jip. The animal is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr. Davidson did not molest the animal in his humor.

Mr. Davidson had a farm bell on his premises, which is erected on the top of a twelve-foot post, and which is rung by a small electric bell. The bell is connected with a wire which runs up the side of the house, and is connected with a bell on the roof. The dog is named Jip, and is a paragon of knowledge, apparently. A few days ago Alexander Rodgers, one of the residents of Palaiki, was walking up-street when Jip ran in front of him, and Mr. Rodgers planted the toe of his foot on Jip's body. The dog ran on for a short distance when it turned and deliberately walked back in a grave and sedate manner to where Alexander Rodgers stood, and then it grabbed that gentleman by the boot, bit quite deep into the foot, made no fuss, but turned around and took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. Mr.